

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
 "TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, December 11, 1802.

[No. 10.]

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

(Continued from p. 66.)

"I begged heaven to grant me fortitude, to support my accumulating ills, and requested his lordship to let me know the worst, telling him, I would endeavor to bear it with patience.

"Melfont is married to Lady Laura!"

"Cruel Melfont, how have I deserved this inhuman usage!"

"After you left me the other day," said the Earl, "I sent a messenger express to endeavor to procure a certificate of your marriage, and to take a letter to Laura, promising pardon and forgetfulness of all that was past if she would not marry Melfont, but in case she chose to follow the bent of her own depraved inclination, to never assume the title of my daughter again, for from that moment I would disown her. My messenger returned yesterday, and informs me, it is impossible to procure a certificate, as the clergyman who married you was dead, that the day after you left England, and Melfont publicly espoused Lady Laura."

"Merciful heaven," said I, (sinking on my knees), "to your care I commit my dear injured children. Oh! suffer them not to be punished for the sins of their parents; make me the object of thy

wrath for my disobedience and ingratitude; but, Oh! of thy infinite mercy, avert the shafts of keen adversity from the bosom of my beloved girls.

"The Earl was affected, he dropped a tear in compassion to my anguish, and promised to be my protector. The next day he gave me a deed, in which he settled this cottage and its appendages, with one hundred pounds a year, on me during my life, and to be continued to my children as long as they, by their conduct, should merit his protection. I remained in France a few days, just to recruit my strength and spirits, and then set forward for this place, where I have lived now seventeen years, endeavoring to form the minds of my children in such a manner, that the follies which occasioned their mother's misfortunes might never find entrance in their hearts.

"Oh! Marian, listen not to the voice of adulation, stifle every rising ambitious thought, be humble, be innocent, and be happy."

Marian listened attentively to the affecting recital of her mother's sorrow, but every syllable sunk deep into the heart of Lydia. "I will daily think of your distresses, my dear mother," said she, "and they will serve as a shield to my heart, and render it invulnerable to the attacks of vanity, or the illusion of passion."

"And is my father living?" said Marian.—"I know not," replied her mother; "but if he is, he can never be any thing to you; he has renounced us all."

"It was inhuman, my dear mother, to deprive us of that rank in life, we were born to fill, and which I flatter myself we should not have disgraced."

"Foolish Marian," said the anxious mother, "why regret the loss of such a trifle; be virtuous, my child, you will then elevate the most humiliating station, and rise superior to those whose only boast is wealth and titles, to render them the envy of the blind misguided multitude. Virtue alone is true nobility; content is real happiness."

Lydia's heart responsive echoed her mother's sentiments—Marian sighed, and was silent.

The moon in majestic splendor illumined the sky, and darted her silver beams through the ancient elms that shaded Dorcas's cottage. The sisters were seated by the door, and in obedience to their mother's command, were pouring forth their thanksgiving to the giver of all blessings in an evening hymn. They had just finished when a rustling among the bushes made them start; a beautiful pointer ran into the cottage, and in a moment a servant in livery appeared, and enquired the way

THE VISITOR,

to Gwinfred-Hall. Dorcas directed him which way to go. He said he was weary, requested a drop of water, and leave to rest. Lydia went to fetch him some cyder, Dorcas moved towards the door, and silently admired the beauty of the spangled armament.

The man seized the opportunity, and delivered to the lovely unsuspecting Marian a letter from Sir George Lovemore.

Love and ambition had already taught her art, she hastily took the offered letter, and hid it in her bosom. Alas, simple maid, you there fostered a serpent, whose subtle poison tainted your very heart.

The servant, having completed his errand, retired, and Marian found means to peruse her letter; it abounded with professions of love, vows of everlasting fidelity, and encomiums on her beauty. She read it with rapture, and though so recently warned of the duplicity of men, believed every syllable it contained. In conclusion, he solicited a private interview the next morning, in the field adjoining her mother's cottage. Marian paused at this request, hesitated—read the letter again, and resolved to comply.

During supper she was thoughtful and absent, and when the usual hour of rest arrived, she retired with an anxious perturbed mind; sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and several times she almost resolved to show the letter to Lydia, and request her to accompany her—but then Sir George had desired her to come alone, he might be offended, and she might never see him again. Vanity also pleaded, he might marry her, raise her to an exalted station, and should his views be otherwise than honorable, she certainly had resolution to withstand his solicitations.

In this manner did she wear out the tedious night; at five o'clock she stole softly from the side of her innocent sleeping sister, and with as little noise as possible opened the door that led into the fields. Aurora had but faintly streaked the eastern skies with mingled gold and purple, when the ill-fated Marian met her lover.

He thanked her for her condescension, told her his whole happiness depended on her, and urged her immediate flight with him to London. Marian hesitated,

her mother, her sister, hung heavy at her heart.

Sir George was an adept in the art of seduction, he talked of gaiety, splendor and pleasure, swore she was born to grace the first station, declared it was a crime to bury so much beauty and sweetness in a desert.

Marian's reason was not convinced, but her vanity was awakened, and her senses dazzled, what wonder then that her scruples were overcome by Sir George's artful persuasions. She left the mansion of peace and innocence, and in a chaise which he had prepared for the purpose, hurried as fast as four horses would carry her to the seat of dissipation and folly.

Marian dropped a tear as she took a last look at the cottage, but Sir George kissed it off, and the reflection which had caused it to start, was instantly banished from her mind.

Lydia, on awaking, missed her sister, and hastily rising, ran to her mother's apartment, vexed that Marian should have been the first to bid her good morning. "I am not used to be such a sluggard, my dear mother," said she, "but my sister has received your blessing before me this morning." "I have not seen your sister," said Dorcas, "but as it is a fine morning, she has, no doubt, rambled out to enjoy its sweets, go, my beloved Lydia, and seek her."

Lydia left her mother, and sought her sister, in the fields and woods; echo a thousand times repeated the name as she called her dear Marian; at length fatigued and dispirited, she was returning home, when she met a shepherd, who early attended his sheep, that way, and demanded of him whether he had seen her sister.

He had seen her, he saw her enter the chaise with Sir George, he saw them drive off.

Lydia heard the heart-rending tidings, she would have wept, but tears refused their relief; she sighed, raised her hands to heaven in an agony of grief, and sunk lifeless upon the ground. The shepherd was frightened, nor did he use any method to restore her, but ran backward and forward, looking wildly round him, and calling aloud for help.

A young gentleman, who had been that morning out a shooting, heard the voice of terror, and hastened to the spot where the helpless Lydia lay. Her charms were not of the dazzling sort, but the more her features were examined, the more they interested the beholder. The gentleman, when he first raised her from the ground, felt only for her as he would for any other woman in distress; but when he looked attentively on her face, and beheld her lovely, tho' inanimate features, he felt an irresistible impulse to defend her, not only from her present uneasiness, but to shield her for ever from pain and affliction. He carried her to a spring, and bathed her temples with water, she opened her expressive blue eyes. Oh! my unhappy sister, said she, and freeing herself from the arms of her deliverer, covered her face with her hands, and gave free vent to her tears. "Have you lost your sister, my sweet maid," said the stranger.

"Alas! Sir, replied Lydia, I fear my poor Marian is worse than dead. A gentleman has found means to ensnare her innocent unsuspecting heart, and she has this morning left her only friends to trust the promises of one she never saw till three days since. I know not how to return to my poor mother with these fatal tidings; I fear it will go near to break her heart, already oppressed with woes almost too heavy to be borne. But 'God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,' continued she, raising her eyes to heaven, "and no doubt will inspire her with fortitude to bear, without repining, this heaviest of his trials."

The stranger revered her sorrow, he took her passive hand, drew it under his arm, and so proceeded silently along towards Dorcas's cottage; he attempted not to interrupt her grief, but now and then a tear stole down his manly cheeks, and a responsive sigh answered hers.

When they arrived at the cottage, Dorcas met them at the door; Lydia flew towards her, folded her arms round her neck, and dropping her head on her bosom, sobbed aloud.

"Oh! my beloved," said Dorcas, "tell me, has any accident happened to your sister?" "She is gone," said Lydia. "What! for ever?" cried the fond mother, eagerly.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH OF THE PERSONS, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE IRISH MOUNTAINEERS: BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(Continued from p. 67.)

As the young mountaineers approach maturity, the soft passion predominates. The nearest relations of the enamored pair assemble, and after adjusting the portion to be given with the young woman, (commonly two or three cows and a few sheep) the marriage is solemnized. This is the most expensive festival of the mountaineers. It is common for forty or more persons to be entertained at the expence of the bridegroom; or if the father-in-law is generous, he sometimes defrays the expence of the wedding dinner.

This feast consists of a superabundance of bread, meat, poultry, butter, and whisky punch.

Within these few years tea in the afternoon has been introduced; but in general, only the favorite cordial, whiskey, is circulated with joy-inspiring influence. A musician attends, and the festive party dance till midnight.

When the bride retires, a number of young people of both sexes throng into her bed chamber, till she complies with the old custom of throwing the stocking. She throws her stocking over her right shoulder, and whoever is so happy as to be hit with it, is supposed to be the next of the company who will be married. This ceremony is accompanied with loud bursts of laughter, after which the lively party retire.

A christening is also attended with much expence in regaling friends, but as the people become more enlightened they will probably be more economic.

By frequent intermarriages in the same village, the mountaineers think that they keep their property among themselves, and are unwilling to form any connubial engagements with others.

On the decease of any person, the fire is instantly extinguished, as symbolical of the extinction of life. If this event happens in spring or summer, flowers are gathered and strewed around the body, which is laid out on a little straw. It is covered to the chin with a sheet,

and the face remains bare. For two nights a large table is placed over the corpse, with ten candles upon it; this is called the night-wake, and is emblematic of immortality. A bason filled with cut tobacco, with a number of pipes, are placed for the accommodation of the neighbors, who throng to the house, fill it with the smoke of tobacco, and talk as gaily as if they were at a christening. Nay, several of the young people join in such amusements as hunt the slipper, or blind man's buff; and even courtship makes no inconsiderable progress in this house of mourning. The cheerfulness of the visitors is interrupted at intervals by the exclamations of the mourners.

A female orator begins this ceremony. She recites the former happiness of the deceased; deplores his death in a kind of song, and is joined in different parts of this monody, by a chorus of mourners: those who feel least are ever the most noisy, while the nearest female relations prove, by their sighs and tears, that their sorrow is unaffected.

Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While real sorrow swells in each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.

This ancient custom might excite risibility in a mind unaccustomed to reflection or feel: but most people are melted by its solemn simplicity. It is difficult to see the gestures of sorrow exhibited by these mourners, and to hear their sweet plaintive voices, without sympathizing; and the writer of this account has on many such occasions felt the tear of sensibility bedew his cheek.

After these ceremonies the corpse is carried on a bier to the place of interment, where the priest prays for the repose of the departed soul, and urges his hearers to give him money for praying the deceased out of purgatory. The credulous people have paid their clergy for this nonsensical mummery for many ages, but some of the most intelligent among them are beginning to question its efficacy, and it probably will soon be "a tale of the times of old."

The moral character of the mountaineers has often been misrepresented by satirists, who, as Churchill says, "judged the many by the rascal few." On an impartial and philosophic investigation of their qualities of head and heart, it will be found that they are naturally

acute; warm in their resentment and affection; hospitable, credulous and inquisitive; passionately fond of the marvellous in description; very superstitious, and passive to their clergy; communicative and unsuspicious; indolent till stimulated by the hope of gain or a prospect of pre-eminence; boastful and fond of praise, warmly attached to their relatives and friends, and ferocious to their enemies. Such is the Irish mountaineer in his natural state; but their priests have absolutely perverted this people, by inculcating a detestation of the protestants, whom they stigmatize with the name of *heretics*. This hatred is farther increased by the idea that they have been dispossessed of their heritage by the first settlers from England and Scotland. Consequently the mountaineers consider themselves as the true proprietors of the Island, who have been deprived of their rights by the invasion of others. In consequence of this opinion, many of them hate the protestants; and as in their intercourse they are obliged to behave civilly, nay submissively, they are early taught the low arts of dissimulation, and can disguise their sentiments with wonderful address.

This perversion of the human heart has been productive of the most dreadful effects, witness the massacre of 1641; but as superstition is gradually declining, and a spirit of enquiry is become universal throughout Europe, it is to be hoped that even the Irish mountaineers will soon adopt the benign precepts of christianity, which teaches us to "love our neighbor as ourselves." The idea that "faith was not to be kept with a heretic," has long prevailed among the mountaineers; hence they were prone to defraud their lowland neighbors, whenever they could do it with impunity; and in their bargains they are yet too cunning for more enlightened dealers.

One virtue of the most amiable kind they practise with unremitting zeal—filial piety. No nation, not even the Chinese, can pay more respectful attention and implicit obedience to their parents. As there are no parish workhouses in Ireland, except in some of the principal towns, consequently the country would abound with destitute old people, were it not for the gratitude of their progeny.

To be concluded in our next number.

[From the Anti-democrat.]

NESTORIDES.

LIKE most old people, I am more generally fond of light and pleasant subjects, for meditation, for the pen and for conversation; yet can occasionally devote hours to the most abstruse reasoning, the most profound speculation. Reader, are you young? If so, I beg you to ponder long and seriously, on the observations I am about to make. If you are old, you must be an old block-head, not to have learned, that luxury is the bane of national prosperity, of individual quiet, success and real pleasure. It is the cankerworm, that corrodes the tree of life, to its untimely destruction; it devours the foliage, indicative of health; it destroys the bud of virtue, that would naturally blossom; it gnaws and gnaws upon the trunk, till, fruitless, leafless and unsightly, it becomes fit only for the axe of death.

This is a good simile. I must, as critics say Dr. Young sometimes does, run down the comparison, for your benefit; and for its further illustration.

A little intemperance is the foliage injured.—More, is the loss of vigor to unfold the buds of virtue, and bring forth the pleasant fruits of good deeds. Continued and increasing, it is the worm that finds way to the trunk; occasions excrescences and diseases, stops the regular circulation of that sap, for the loss of which rich wines and ardent spirits are no remedy; till as the farmer his laborer, heaven sends death, to remove the withered nuisance from among the trees that cover the skull of the earth.

Some writers have asserted that luxury increases commerce. True, but the consequence does not follow, that it is therefore of national benefit. A commerce of the necessities and conveniences of life increases the property of the manufacturer and farmer; gives bread to its thousands; cherishes, strengthens and aggrandizes a nation. But the commerce of wheat for gauze, of rice for wine, of cotton for changeable silks, will, in the progress of years, be attended with sullen evils to the United States. The barter of tobacco for rum, is but the exchange of opium for ratsbane.

What for a long succession of centuries, has preserved the Chinese name? The absence of luxury.—What wasted the wealth and prostrated the grandeur of the Persian, Syrian, and Grecian powers? Luxury.—What into magnifi-

cent ruins tumbled the stupendous structure of the Roman empire? Luxury.—Is then luxury of national benefit? No. A comical tho't has just come into my head.

Suppose, privileged to roam from orb to orb, to examine the inhabitants, character, and manners of other worlds, some superior tenant of Saturn's ring or Jupiter's belt, visiting our "thick rotundity of earth," should alight on a tobacco plantation of one of these States. The sun showers down the oppressive rays of heat; the sullen overseers walk to and fro with their threatening whips; our colored brethren of kindred blood, through the long hours of a tedious summer's day, humbled, enslaved, brutalized, like the steady steed, or patient ox, with scanty pittance, are sweating through their daily task, for the benefit of a lazy and oppressive owner. The stranger being stands surprised. A colloquy commences:

Superior. Why are you idle, when hundreds around you are so busily employed?

Planter. These black dogs are mine. I bought them; and can do with them as I please.

Superior. Are they not of the same race with yourselves?

Planter. I don't know indeed. I never thought any thing about it.

Superior. And for what purpose are all these so laboriously employed, in the heat of this scorching sun?

Planter. To raise my tobacco—what do you think?

Superior. What is tobacco? To what use is it put? Is it clothing or food?

Planter. It is not clothing.

Superior. Is it food?

Planter. Why, no. It is for chewing, and smoking, and snuffing.

Superior. It the juice of it fattening?

Planter. No, chewing takes away the juice of the body.

Superior. And what is the benefit of snuffing?

Planter. It vexes the nose; and makes people sneeze.

Superior. And how do your people smoke?

Planter. By setting fire to it;—drawing the smoke into their mouths, and then blowing it out again.

Superior. Then what is the benefit of smoking, chewing, and snuffing?

Planter. The Lord knows, Sir, I'm sure I do not.

Superior. Profitable employment! What ingenious and disinterested peo-

ple, to labor thus to lay up rich treasures of nothing!

Planter. Aye, but we exchange it for rum and brandy.

Superior. Are rum and brandy raiment or food?

Planter. They are not raiment.—They are food; no, they are drink.

Superior. What ails that overseer, who lies by the fence? Is he dead or asleep?

Planter. Neither: he is drunk with rum.

Superior. And does rum always effect you thus?

Planter. Too much always will.

Superior. And how is it with a little?

Planter. Not so bad.

No more was said. Do you imagine he departed laughing at the ridiculous pursuits of mad men? No. As he ascended, a multitude of tears fell fast on the head of the unhappy African, and a long way besprinkled the burning earth.

Look at the huge havoc of War. Life's midday sun shines on the untimely grave of millions. See the ravages of Famine. Mark the desolation of Pestilence; busying the grave-digger; depopulating cities. These are but the baby under officers of death, compared with his victorious vicegerent, the devouring angel INTemperance.

Intemperance is the positive enemy of all solid enjoyment. It is honey in the month, but bitter ashes in digestion. It is the fath- of unnumbered vices. What errors, what pains, what miseries does it not produce? And what are its benefits? They are known only to the apothecary, doctor, and undertaker.

He who has been long used to his rich wines, his spices, his creams and costly meats, looks with a degree of horror on the life of the temperate. His calm, constant stream of purified pleasures, is all ice to his eye. But he, who has tasted the cup of excess; has experienced all the unreal enjoyment of luxurious poisons; and has become wisely simple and regular in his diet; in full possession of cheerful spirits and vigorous health; would not exchange his happy mood of mind, his gay and quiet hours, for the morning headache, the forenoon mental vacancy, the afternoon nap, the hypocondriac hours, the uneasy rest of the night, with much turning on the bed, the indigesting stomach, the trembling hand, the bloody eye, the colic, palsy, gout, distress, despair, that accompany the bacchanalian;

no, not if *Aldes* in gold attended the
barter. *Neither talents, wealth, nor fame,*
can supply the want of prudence and
temperance. Let every man who pre-
fers happiness to misery engrave on
the tablet of his memory the following
excellent lines from *Milton*, and never
forget them when he eats or drinks.

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe,
THE RULE OF NOT TOO MUCH, by temperance
taught.

In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thine head return;
So may'st thou live, till like RIPE FRUIT thou
drop

Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

A LIEUTENANT in the Danish
navy, named Heiberg, entered into
the Dutch service in 1793, and in the
engagement with the English fleet on
11th of October 1797, he was first-lieu-
tenant of the *Delft*, which, surrounded
by three English ships, maintained with
them the most obstinate conflict during
an hour and a quarter, but was at last
obliged to strike. When the English
officer came on board to take possession
of the ship, he found her much damaged,
having many shot through her hull and
rigging, and her main-mast and yard
shot away; 2 officers and 41 of her men
killed, and 1 officer and seventy-five men
wounded. He sent the captain with two
officers and ninety men on board his
own ship, the *Russel*, and requested Mr.
Heiberg, who was not wounded, to assist
him, with the men under his command,
in preventing the ship from sinking; in
which they succeeded till the 14th of
the same month, when a storm came
on, and put the vessel in a very danger-
ous situation: she filled ten feet with
water, so that all hope of saving her
was soon at an end. The English officer
represented this to Mr. Heiberg, telling
him that at a certain signal he should
throw himself with his men into the
long boat, and invited him to avail him-
self of the opportunity of effecting his
escape. "But how can I leave these
unfortunate men?" replied he, pointing
to the wounded sailors, whom it had
been necessary to bring upon deck, as
the hold was already full of water. The
English officer, struck with this answer,
replied, "God bless you my brave fellow,
here is my hand: I give you my word, I
will stay here with you." He then caused

his own men to leave the ship, and remain-
ed behind himself to assist the Dutch.
The *Russel* soon sent out her boats
and brought off as many as could leap
on board them, and lost no time in ma-
king a second voyage with equal suc-
cess; but few of the wounded could be
got off, though the two officers had uni-
ted their efforts for that purpose, and
still remained with them in the vessel,
with three subaltern officers and about
thirty seamen: they were still cherish-
ing the hope that the boats would a
third time come to their relief; but the
fatal moment was now arrived, and on
a sudden the *Delft* went down. The
English officer sprang into the sea and
swam to his own ship; the unfor-
tunate Heiberg perished the victim of
his courage and humanity.

THE LONGING WIDOW.

HOW seldom do we profit by advice,
but when it coincides with our own
prepossession, or prejudices!

A buxom widow, not much over fifty,
was seized with a violent longing for
the re-enjoyment of the comforts of
matrimony; and John, her trusty ser-
vant was the happy object of her choice.
To satisfy her doubts, however, as to
the propriety of this step, she resolved
to consult the curate of the parish, who
not willing to interfere in so delicate an
affair, returned the most accommodating
answers to her queries: "The follow-
ing pertinent conversation passed be-
tween them.

Widow, doubtingly. I am not too old
to enter once more into the holy bands
of wedlock.

Curate. Get married.

Widow, modestly. People may say,
perhaps, that my spouse is much too
young for me.

Curate. Then do not marry.

Widow, longingly. Yet he would help
me to manage my farm.

Curate. Marry him.

Widow. I am afraid, however, lest
he should despise me.

Curate. Do not marry then.

Widow. People on all hands take
advantage, and impose upon a poor
forlorn widow.

Curate. Get married by all means!

Widow. But then—

Curate. What then?

Widow. Suppose, (and it is not at all

unlikely) he should be too familiar with
some of my maids?

Curate. Do not get married by any
means.

The Widow not exactly agreeing
with the latter part of the Curate's ad-
vice, thought it most prudent to take
her own way, and accordingly, made
John her husband.

CUNNING OF A FOOLISH CHILD.

A GENTLEMAN had a son who was
deemed an idiot. The little fellow,
when nine or ten years of age, was fond
of drumming, and once dropt his drum-
stick into the draw-well. He knew that
his carelessness would be punished by
its being searched for, and therefore did
not mention his loss; but privately took
a large punch-ladle, and dropped it into
the same place. The butler was blamed,
but the draw-well was not thought of;
he then got a silver half pint, and tum-
bled that in after it. The servants were
blamed, and in a short time it was for-
gotten. He at last got a silver salver,
and threw that down also. This was a
matter to be enquired into, and a very
strict enquiry took place. The servants
all pleaded ignorance, and looked with
suspicion at each other; when the young
gentleman, who had thrust himself into
the circle, said he had observed some-
thing shine at the bottom of the draw-
well. A fellow was let down in the
bucket, and soon bawled out from the
bottom, "I have found the punch-ladle,
—and the salver,—and here is the half
plnt, so wind me up." "Stop," roared
out the lad,—"Stop,—now your hand's
in, you may as well bring up my drum-
stick."

Scraps from London Papers.

Such, says a London wit, is the am-
bition of wives to wear the breeches, that
a woman at Sheffield was lately impris-
oned for stealing a pair.

The house of a fashionable man has
lately been robbed, and the property
advertised; among other articles stolen
are ten Pistols, and only four Shirts.

Whatever may be the construction of
Bonaparte's mouth, there can be no
doubt that many people have been bit
by him.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, October 17.

The state of politics both in this country and on the continent, seems more perplexed and confused than it has been at any period since the conclusion of the treaty at Amiens. We do not, like several of our contemporaries, pretend to an exact knowledge of what passes in the British Cabinet, or in the Councils of Foreign Powers; but we feel little difficulty in observing that grounds of discontent have taken place between this country and France. They may have originated in the delay which has occurred with respect to satisfactory explanations relative to certain articles mentioned in the Definitive Treaty, and particularly to the settlement of the island of Malta; they may have been produced by the slow progress which during last month has, we learn, been made in the treaty of Commerce; and perhaps, our Government has thought its interference called for in the present distracted state of Switzerland. Certain it is, that remonstrances of a strong kind have been transmitted to the First Consul on the part of our Government, and we have reason to believe that they are supported by a new system of politics, adopted by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

That the Emperor Alexander has withdrawn himself from his coalition with the Head of the French Republic, we cannot presume to determine; but we can positively state, that there exists at this moment, between Russia and Great Britain, a cordial coincidence of sentiment. Orders have been sent to our fleet in the Mediterranean to rendezvous all its force in the harbor of La Valette, and the Officers absent upon leave from Malta have been directed to join their respective corps without delay. These injunctions were sent from Plymouth and Portsmouth last Wednesday and Thursday.

While the political horizon is thus clouded, and our funds are seriously affected by the gloom that prevails, the affairs of Switzerland become every day more critical. The mandate of the First Consul has been transmitted by his Adjutant-General Rapp, to the confederates inimical to the new constitution;

but the answer of the Diet met at Schwitz for the regulation of the Government has not yet transpired. It is improbable that they will refuse to acknowledge the dictates of Bonaparte; for they can have little hope of success in opposing the incursion of a French army, now assembling at Huningue, on the frontiers, which, it is calculated, will consist of not less than 40,000 men.

General Ney, the commander in chief, is already arrived, and his troops may be in sufficient force to enter Switzerland before the confederates can organise a force adequate to make head against the threatened invasion.

The affair of the indemnities in Germany is still exposed to fluctuation and conjecture; the eleventh sitting of the extraordinary deputation has taken place without any measures of decision. Letters from Vienna of the 27th ult. indeed state that the emperor had issued orders for his troops to evacuate Passau, but this intelligence is given in too vague a manner to be credited.

The Batavian mail, which arrived yesterday, has brought unquestionable assurances that a project had been entertained by a powerful party to change the Constitution of that Republic. This design has been effectually counteracted by the prompt interference of the First Consul. On the 9th inst. the French minister Semonville, paid an official visit to the President of the administration of the States, and in the presence of the Secretary of State for foreign affairs, informed him, that he had received by an express from Paris, "Orders to inform the administration of the States without delay, that the First Consul had learned with as much surprise as indignation, that persons fond of revolutions were again desirous to disturb the tranquillity of the Batavian Republic, and even employed for that purpose the most respectable names; that the First Consul as an ally of the Republic, invited the Government to employ every means to maintain the order of things established by the Constitution."

This information was followed by the arrival, on the same day, of dispatches from Citizen Smits, the Batavian minister at Paris, reiterating, at the special instance of Talleyrand, the sentiments of the First Consul with respect to the meditated alteration in the constitution.

The reported cession of two ports to France by the Dey of Algiers, has given rise to much speculation; but we are inclined to treat it as one of those con-

jectures that are hazarded merely for the purpose of amusing the public mind. France is not actually in want of these harbors, and the regency of Algiers could not be very desirous of having neighbors whose force would be too powerful to resist.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 11, 1802.

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gateway to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

A NEW FERRY.

A New Ferry, we understand, has lately been established by Mr. N. Budd, between Powles Hook and this city. The ferry on the Jersey shore is somewhat to the northward of the old ferry kept by Major Hunt. The terms are said to be lower than those of the old establishment. The competition of Ferry boats, like that of public vehicles, must always prove beneficial to the community.

On Sunday last, while in the act of ringing, the large bell in St. Paul's Church steeple fell and broke.

The bell which was the largest in the city, was imported from England at a considerable expence, and it is presumable, from the manner in which it is broken, that there was originally a flaw in the crown or top. [Chron.

On Wednesday evening, as a man by the name of Philip Fleischman, was driving a carriage thro' Greenwich, the horses took fright and ran away.

all endeavors to check them were ineffectual: there were two or three passengers in the carriage who escaped unhurt. In jumping from the coach box, the great coat of the driver caught in the wheel, and he was dragged a considerable distance before the horses stopped. He died in about 15 minutes afterwards. [Ibid.

To-morrow, at half past 2, a **CHARITY SERMON** will be preached in the Methodist Church, in John-street, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Free School.

From the *Trenton Federalist*, U. S. D.

The Legislature of New-Jersey have risen without electing a Governor. This omission places New-Jersey in extreme difficulty. The Constitution of New-Jersey is so framed, that the jurisdiction of a Court of Appeals, of a Court of Chancery, of an Ordinary over the Surrogates, and of certain executive matters, is founded on or attached to the annual election, or annual existence of the office of Governor. Unless a Governor be annually chosen, and have an annual existence or annual presence under the Constitution of New-Jersey, the jurisdiction of a Court of Appeals, of a Court of Chancery, of an Ordinary over the Surrogates, and of certain executive matters, is not attached to or does not become vested in the office of Vice-President. The framers of the Constitution of New-Jersey contemplated the annual existence of a Governor as a certain event. They made the annual presence of the Governor, or his absence in the course of the year, a certain condition, on which the performance of many important duties, either by a Governor or a Vice-President, depended. The Governor, in the Constitution of New-Jersey, is an essential annual officer, in whom the framers of the Constitution reposed especial confidence. There being no Governor chosen in this legislative year, the Vice-President has not any jurisdiction in the several and material matters, which have been mentioned. The want of jurisdiction in the Vice-President must necessarily put the rights, property, and privileges, of the citizens of New-Jersey in many instances in jeopardy.

* Except in the years 1776 and 1777.
† The Legislative Year in New-Jersey is from the fourth Tuesday in October in one year to the fourth Tuesday of October in the next year.

LOTTERY TICKETS
In Halfes Quarters and Pairs

Note. At a late meeting of the Privy Council, it was unanimously resolved, that the Vice-President of Council has full authority to execute the office of Governor, also to fill the other respective offices vacated by the non-appointment of Governor.

TOUSSAINT.—The fate of this brave man must be admitted to be severe. Without any thing like a satisfactory proof of guilt, and without the slightest opportunity of confronting his accusers, he will now probably be condemned to languish out the remainder of his days in prison.

To the Editors of the Visitor.

The following humorous Cross-readings are among a number that appeared in the *Port Folio*: should you think them deserving of a place, you are at liberty to insert them.

An indictment for murder is preferred against—The worshipful company of apothecaries.

Set out on his travels to foreign parts—Beware of counterfeiters, for such are abroad.

'Tis said the ministry will be new modelled—The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum of money.

This has occasioned a cabinet council to be held—At *Berry's Fruit-Shop*, in St. James' street.

This morning will be married, the Lord Viscount—And afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.

Eloped from her husband, Mary the wife of Simon—a light dun, with a black mane and tail.

I have long labored under a complaint—for ready money only.

India stock rose to 271—and it was some time before it could be got under.

To the curious in perukes—the College of Physicians will hold their Anniversary.

On Tuesday last an address was presented—it happily missed fire, and the villain made off.

To be disposed of greatly under prime cost—nothing under full price, will be taken.

Colds caught at this season are—The Companion to the play-house.

To be let and entered on immediately—four pipes and three quarter casks of Gin.

ON FINDING A PAIR OF SHOES ON A LADY'S BED.

Well may suspicion shake its head;
Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes—because they're fellows.



MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE, SO SWEET A BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

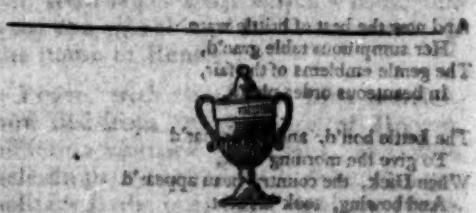
On Friday, last week, Mr. John Townsend to Miss Harriet Wright, both of this city.

On Sunday last, Mr. Alexander Wilson, Printer, to Miss Jane Donaldson, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. George Washington Pitman, to Miss Polly Spiers, of this city.

At New-Haven, on Monday morning, the 29th ult. Mr. Samuel Ward, Merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary W. Lewis.

In Clinton county, N. York, Mr. Jacob Ham, to Miss Margaret Ham.



Deaths.

In Westmoreland court-house, (N. Y.) of an apoplexy, while pleading a cause, John J. Maund, esq. attorney at law.

On Saturday last, Mr. Jacobus Rye, of this city, aged 57 years.

On Sunday morning, in this city, Col. John Conway, one of the few remaining patriot officers of '76.

On Thursday, Mr. Asher Hart, son of Ephraim Hart, (of this city) aged 27 yrs.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, will be presented,

A Comedy, called,

THE RIVALS,

OR, A TRIP TO BATH.

To which will be added,

All the World's a Stage.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 13, will be presented,

The Deserted Daughter,

With other entertainments.



BROKEN CHINA, A FABLE.

FROM THE FORT FOLIO.

SOON as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Doris from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had tear'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the timorous maid;
What do these horrid dreams imply?
My Cupid can't be dead!

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap!
Wagging his tail her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

The Kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd
And bowing, took his seat.

Well, chatting on of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kiss,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies:
Faint hints to draw him on!

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this;
So, Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

But as he strove—O dire to tell!
And yet with grief I must,
The table turn'd, the china fell,
A heap of painted dust.

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cried;
Occasion'd, I confess my shame,
By childishness and pride.

For in a kiss—or two—or three,
No mischief could be found;
Then, had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

RULES IN COURTSHIP.

FAIN'T *marriage!* what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? Or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, who dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with ev'ry wind.
He who loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to defy.
Doth she chide thee?—'tis to show it,
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent? Is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick?—why, then, be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Does she cross thy suit with No?
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of man
In question? nay, she loves thee then.
And, if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost, if that thou hint'st her not.
He who after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

From the (Trenton) True American.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

By William Foster, late of Elizabethtown.

FRIENDSHIP is a gift bestow'd
To every being by the hand of God;
A natural flame, which glows in every breast—
A common thing, alike by all possess'd.
Whilst fortune smiles and plenty fills your board,
Whilst copious draughts your cheering vaults afford;
Whilst rosy health supports the human frame;
Whilst credit lasts, and whilst exists your fame;
Whilst you've plenty, and whilst cash to spend,
So long you're known, so long you have a friend!
But change the scene, let fickle fortune frown,
You stand forsaken, and—alack! unknown!
Let wretched poverty and hunger press;
Let want hang out the ensign of distress;
Let sore affliction sink thy feeble frame;
Let cruel slander wound thy honest fame;
Let neighbors slight thee, and let credit fail;
Let sheriffs come and creditors install;
Where's then thy Friends? Alas! you search in vain.
Self-interest aways—unheeded you complain!
Alas! how oft, in friendship's garb array'd,
Deception triumphs—hapless man's betray'd!
Pretended Friends in every clime abound;
But real friends are "rare as comets" found.
Ye who pretend the human heart to know,
Show me a Friend, and I'll an Angel show.

The following EPITAPH is taken from a Tombstone at Gunwallow, near Helstone, Cornwall:

SHALL	WE	ALL	DIE?
WE	SHALL	DIE	ALL.
ALL	DIE	SHALL	WE?
DIE	ALL	WE	SHALL.

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